

IVY

IVY LEAVES / SPRING 2013  
100 E. PINE ST., SUITE 100  
CHARLESTON, SC 29403

**Ivy Leaves Staff**

**Literary Editors** – Ada Ezeokoli, Aliya George, John Lyons, LaTonya Scott, Joyce Stein

**Design Editors** – Keith Babinchak, Matt Baston, Chasity Boxley, Carla Carter,  
Stacy Coleman, LaShanda Salters, Laura Wolfe

**Advisors** – Wayne Cox, Jane Dorn

**Cover Design** – Laura Wolfe

## **driving I-85**

driving I-85 at night at seventy miles an hour strips  
the mind of reason/grips the body in stark fear  
harnessed in the right seat eyes mesmerized by one  
shining ray unfolding mile after mile not daring to  
look from side to side but straight ahead like a puppet  
hands seeking something to hold onto other than a seat  
belt visioning metal upon metal slamming into each other  
like box cars off the rails like a child's blocks stacked  
end to end collapsing in a tangled heap like an arrow  
released from a bow or a bullet to a target like fleeing  
from the devil like fleeing from the devil like fleeing  
from the devil

*Margaret Hayes*

## **Mon grand-père**

Papa, walking stick in hand  
blessed the fruit of his loins  
with the palm tree's sweet wine.  
He made music with a bamboo stalk,  
gnarled, carved in his youth —  
and lulled the night to rhythmic slumber.  
The full moon gazed, entranced  
by the poignant melody of this primeval soul,  
whose brown eyes retold a century of earthy splendor,  
whose wrinkled face, upon breathing its last  
quietly smiled.

*Ada Ezeokoli*

## **The House**

Up on the hill, its skeletorial remains stand, waiting for someone or something to disturb its peaceful slumber. But who would come to a place that seems almost haunted —

with shadows that run across the floor as you walk by, wind that howls through the open walls and doors.  
Rain falling onto the open floors,

lightning flashes across the sky — leaving all who see this great sight feeling both horror and wonder.  
Where is this place —

One lone tree stands in the yard, no branches only a trunk pointing upward, a perching spot for crows to watch as cars pass by on this

dirt road, sending dust and gravel into the empty yard. Tall grasses growing, making it impossible to see the animals hiding in wait —

The house is on a hill, looking over the many people below, haunting some with each clap of thunder causing them to shudder in fear.

Maybe we should all take a moment and look up at these remains with respect and even fright then quickly run away.

*Mary Morris*



**Miles**

linoleum print

12" x 12"

*Stacy Coleman*

## **Epitaph**

Stranger, look upon this marker and smile  
in the knowledge of the exceeding abundance  
of my life. Not that it was easy,  
but richly blessed;  
not that I overcame the world,  
but that I now go on  
to be with the One who did.

*John Lyons*

## **Les Saisons**

Trees spew forth fire,  
Valleys rage with shifting hues...  
White death, backstage, smiles.

Outside children frost,  
Taste fluffy drifts of white rain...  
Angels sifting salt.

Frozen breath escapes,  
Tanned skin on white sand beckons...  
Birds pen their lyrics.

*Ada Ezeokoli*

## **Sleeping through class. . . .**

Stay open little eyes  
You gotta make it through this class.  
Dry erase and chalkboards blur  
As my coffee wears off at last.  
I'm drifting into oblivion  
Where no science teacher exists  
And no one can remember  
How many classes I have missed.

*Beri Hancock*



## **Marriage**

oil on panel with cheese cloth

5'x3'4"

**Allison Holdredge**

## **The Bagel Shop**

At the door, I pause before entering  
considering the sanity of myself and those inside,  
this assorted group of early risers —  
perfectly brewed coffee and bagels —

that defy the still-slumbering world  
inside a solitary light among a town of dark storefronts.  
Not that we'd choose  
to sleep in for hours and if given the option,

we would stick to our tradition,  
rising before the sun like the fresh bagels  
to experience the familiar consistency  
that suspends daily chaos

allowing us to prepare for the day,  
one hurried task after another  
where we can, for just a few moments,  
peacefully sip our cream and sugar-laden coffee.

It's just that the eyes of the tired looking clerk  
that never seems to muster a smile,  
the salesman's neatly pressed suit and tie  
and the wrinkled T-shirt of a man

proudly displaying his forearm tattoo...  
and when you consider the hour,  
the random collection of lives,  
and the infinite possibilities that will meet us when we leave...

well, I can't help but appreciate the purpose each of us  
has even in being here  
this, our only shared experience of the day  
to unknowingly acknowledge our common ground.

*Jill Moore*

## A Feeling of Home

Sometimes when I pass by a particular house,  
I suddenly feel sad and lonely.

Though it is a house I've never lived in,  
never even entered,  
something about its look brings back  
a happiness I've known sometime,  
somewhere in the past.

It is a feeling of home,  
a memory of my own that clings  
to the place,  
as intangible as a wish,  
as solid as a stone.

It is as if I've been away and left  
behind something or someone meaningful,  
and now have come back to the things  
I lost for a while.

It fills my soul with a wistfulness  
I don't often feel, but somehow  
it is as if arms I once trusted  
beckon me back,  
and a voice calls to welcome me,  
and I wish with all my heart it were  
my house, my home —  
that childhood place no one can ever  
take away or completely forget.

It is the joy of being a child again  
with the innocence and trust one feels  
so little as time escapes us,  
which hasn't grown up as I have,  
nor become cautious as I have,  
but remains forever sealed in the heart,  
remembered simply as love.

*Margaret Hayes*

## **Confessions**

They tell the story when I, at 4  
Climbed into Frances' crib and cut her curls  
When left alone for just a moment.  
"What happened to this baby's hair?"  
Mother laughs as she repeats my ready lie.  
Looking straight into her eyes without blinking,  
Holding her scissors behind me, covered in curls,  
"The rats did it," I answer.

My conscience was born when I, at 4  
Was laid down for a needed nap  
Among coats and handbags of visiting aunts.  
Sparkling coin purses inside handbags beckoned.  
First a penny from each, then a dime,  
Then guilt, remorse for all of my life.  
Did they find out and silently shame me?  
I always worried, "did they know?"

*Joyce Stein*



## Hinduism

acrylic on wood

24"x24"

*Lashanda Salters*

## **A Confession**

I once ripped the mirror  
off my parent's car, trying  
to park it in the narrow garage.  
To avoid my father's wrath,  
I tried to fix it with help from a friend  
who knew all sorts of things about cars.  
I thought we had done a good job  
And reveled in my success until the next day  
when my father was driving to work and  
the mirror fell off  
at a stop sign.

I convinced my younger sister  
To give me her new crisp  
dollar bill, in exchange for  
a magic quarter.  
I could buy so much more with a dollar  
Than I could with twenty-five cents.  
I was quite proud of myself for  
outsmarting a six year old until she  
showed to Mom the "magic" quarter.

*Andrew Anderson*

## **Solitary**

I walk over flattened, shining leaves,  
Through a lamplit stretch of parking lot.  
My hand, as if reaching to scratch  
A phantom itch, searches to hold your hand.

I look down the lot —  
I am acquainted with every step I will take,  
Trudging through a photograph  
I've seen too many times...

I pull my step before crushing a red bloom  
Resting in the sea of trodden foliage.  
I cannot fathom why, only how solitary,  
Like a drop of blood in a field of snow.

Forgetting myself I lift up the flower,  
Chagrinned as my careful fingers crack  
The stiffened petals,  
Dry as a desert.

There is nothing more to know.  
I cinch my grip over the dried rose,  
And it crackles like a fire in my hand.

**Allison Holdredge**

## **Music Box**

On a stage of velvet, gracefully twirling,  
A miniature ballerina weaves dreams for  
Tiny hearts. Her porcelain flesh draped in a  
Gossamer fabric, forever frozen in time.

Arms posed above her head, as if she is  
Ready to take flight, instead of racing  
Around and around her lonely stage.

The haunting music of a forgotten  
Composer rises from beneath her feet  
Racing to keep up with her, then slowing  
And stopping an instant before she does.

Tiny hands reach out to start the dance again,  
They slip and the music box crashes to the floor.  
The ballerina races out of control. The music  
Gets louder and louder, then suddenly —  
Silence.

*LaTonya Scott*



**Brice**

oil on canvas

74"x41"

*Carter Baston*

Life is a merry-go-round  
Constantly moving, until  
That one moment,  
You lose your grasp,  
And fly off —  
Hitting the pavement.

I super glued myself to the bars,  
Hoping to be the last person there.  
Then a persistent idiot with the same  
Idea, doused my hands in acetone  
And I hit the pavement —  
Head first.

***LaTonya Scott***

Outside the air has  
Settled in the crystal cold  
Of winter evening.

The rasping crawl of  
Fallen leaves rakes along a  
Midnight parking lot.

As the door clicks shut,  
I draw ice into my lungs,  
And cling to my arms.

***Allison Holdredge***

Cats'll eat tuna  
'Ere they'll taste a spoon o'  
Anything else in the fridge.

"Cats won't touch boiled cabbage,"  
To coin a new adage,  
But they'll help with the bacon a smidge.

Cats won't take their vitamins.  
Why just the sight of 'em's  
Enough to make my kitty cringe.

But give her a spider  
That'll fight back and bite her,  
She purrs, "O, what a heavenly binge."

***Angie Owens***

The carnival sits in the valley  
A faded rainbow in the midst  
Of nature's green.  
Lights as bright as the sun once blinked here  
High above brilliant patchworks of tents  
That held within their folds  
Throngs of excitement.  
Mechanical rides soared, the creaking machinery  
Mixing with the jovial sound of music  
And the delighted voices of crowds exclaiming  
Over the unusual and exhilarating.  
Children laughed —  
Candy coated, sticky joy —  
At sights of delight.

Their voices still drift in the wind,  
A haunting sound chanting through the trees.  
Left behind are  
Faded booths and abandoned rides,  
Broken lights and tattered tents  
Forlorn,  
Left for reasons forgotten,  
Nothing but a memory  
That will always exist.

***Wendy Morgan***



**Fumie**

oil on canvas

28"x34"

*Tracy West*



